

THE DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC
presents

THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA
Concert Choir
in a

CHORAL CONCERT

DAVID STOCKER, conductor

Saturday, March 25, 1972, at 8:30 p.m.

Convocation Hall, Arts Building, U. of A. campus

and

winter and spring tours throughout Alberta

Program

I

CANTATE DOMINO HEINRICH SCHÜTZ
(1585 - 1672)

"O sing unto the Lord a new song: let the congregation of the saints praise Him. Let Israel rejoice in Him that hath made Him, and let all the children of Sion be joyful in their King. Let them praise His name with tabret and harp and with the dance. Let them sing praises unto Him."

NOW ALL MY WOES
ARE OVER JOHANN MICHAEL BACH
(1648 - 1694)

Now all my woes are over, cross, suffering, fear, and need; The wounds of Christ, my Savior, for me wrought peace with God.

HODIE CHRISTUS NATUS EST JAN SWEELINCK
(1562 - 1621)

"Today Christ is born, Noe, Noe. Our salvation has appeared, Alleluia! Today the angels sing over the earth, angels and archangels praise Him, Noe, Noe! Today the saints rejoice, Glory to God in the highest, Alleluia! Noe, Noe!"

THIRD MODE MELODY
AND FAUX BOURDON THOMAS TALLIS
(1510 - 1585)

O help us, Lord; each hour of need Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought and word and deed,
each hour on earth we live.

O help us when our spirits bleed with contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
o help us, Lord, the more.

O help us through the prayer of faith more firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath, the more shall he receive.
O help us, Jesus, from on high; we know no help but Thee;
O help us so to live and die as Thine in heaven to be.

THE SEARCHER OF HEARTS J. S. BACH
(1685 - 1750)

"But He who doth search the hearts well doth know what the Spirit's mind is, for He doth plead for saints in Christ, as God, our Father, wills it." (Romans 8:26-27)

This fugue is the finale from the motet "The Spirit Also Helpeth Us" for double chorus. Probably written in 1729, this motet in its preceding sections treats death in a spirit of victory and hope.

II

FESTIVAL RESPONSE DAVID STOCKER

"The Lord God be praised above the heavens, Alleluia!"

The persistent rhythmic ostinato in the second soprano gives this mildly contemporary piece the joyful flavor of its title.

JESUS STILLS THE STORM ROBERT DOSIEN
(1930 -)

"And when evening was come, Jesus told His disciples to enter the boat, and to pass over unto the other side of the sea, the sea of Galilee. Then there arose a great storm, a howling storm, and the waves beat into the boat 'til it was full; but Jesus slept in the rear of the boat.

Then the disciples, filled with a great fear, cried unto Him, saying, 'Master, save us, lest we perish!'

Then Jesus stood up and said, 'Peace, be still.' And all was calm on the sea of Galilee."

CREDO

A. GRETCHANINOFF

(1864 - 1956)

I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible: and in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God; begotten of His Father before all worlds, God of God, Light of Light, Very God of very God; begotten, not made; being of one substance with the Father by whom all things were made: Who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man: And was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate, He suffered and was buried.

And the third day He rose again according to the Scriptures: He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of the Father, and He shall come again, with glory, to judge both the quick and the dead; Whose kingdom shall have no end.

And I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of Life, Who proceedeth from the Father and the Son; Who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified; Who spake by the Prophets: and I believe one Christian and Apostolic Church. I acknowledge one Baptism for the remission of sins: And I look for the resurrection of the dead: and the Life of the world to come. Amen.

Baritone: John Shandro

THE GATE OF HEAVEN

RANDALL THOMPSON

(1899 -)

"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." (Psalm 122:1)

". . . the Lord is in His holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before Him." (Habakkuk 2:20)

". . . this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." (Genesis 28:17)

INTERMISSION

III

FESTINO NELLA SERA DEL GIOVEDI

GRASSO AVANTI CENA

A. BANCHIERI

(Festival on the evening of Fat Thursday before the feast) (1567 - 1634)

Adriano Banchieri, important as a theorist, composer of sacred and secular vocal music and of instrumental music, wrote outstanding madrigal comedies. Written in 1608, his *Festino* is a stage work of the madrigal comedy ilk. The general theme is one of feasting and revelry, merrymaking and boisterous fun, but also reserving a place for the God of love and sentiment. The "Fat Thursday" of the title is in the week prior to Lent.

Il Diletto moderno per introduzione sets the mood with an invitation to join in the festive time.

Mascherata di Villanelle is a rhyming song of eight lines sung by a young spinster to the accompaniment of two lyres and one solo stringed instrument (as interpreted by the men's voices). The instrumental ritornelli create such high contrast to the sentiments of the maiden that the result is comical.

The instrumental satire continues with a lute imitation in the men played against the accompanying harpsichord in the women's voices. This is the entrance to the feast.

Contraponto bestiale alla mente is a madrigal in which a cuckoo, owl, cat, and dog are represented improvising an "animal counterpoint" against a mock liturgical cantus firmus.

The merrymakers in *Gli Festinanti* ruminate on their abundant feast.

Our festival ends with *Il Diletto moderno licenza, et di novo invita* and a promise of further more abundant delights for one's amusement after the feast.

TWO SONGS FRANZ SCHUBERT
(1797 - 1828)
tr. Harrison

THE LINDEN TREE

Beside the gate's fountain, where stands a linden tree;
How oft beneath its shadow came pleasant dreams to me.
And loving words I've carved upon its branches fair;
When joy was mine or sorrow, I found my solace there.
E'en now had I to pass it, alone in darkest night;
And lest I should behold it, I covered up my sight.
Its waving branches whispered a message in my ear;
And said, "Come hither comrade, for rest and peace are here."
The bitter blast of winter, they smite upon my brow;
Yet I must face the tempest; return I cannot now.
Aye onward, ever onward, while sounding in my ear,
The linden's message lingers: "Lo, rest and peace are here."

THE STORMY MORNING

How hath the storm wind riven the morning's sombre shroud;
Across the sky are driven grey strips of tattered cloud.
And streaks of flaming crimson in yonder east I see;
Oh, 'tis the stormy morning, the very morn for me!
Reflected in the heaven my own heart doth appear;
There all within is winter, is winter cold and drear.

DIEU! QU'IL LA FAIT

BON REGARDER! CLAUDE DEBUSSY
(1862 - 1918)

Lord! Lovely hast thou made my dear; a graceful, good, and
winsome creature; perfect in mind, and form, and feature:
Her praise is sounded everywhere. Could any tire of one so
fair? So rich endowed by grace and nature. Over seas, far away,
or near, every other maiden excelling, she reigns a queen,
homage compelling. Happy I, dreaming but of her.

JUST SO JEAN BERGER
(1921 -)

THE CAMEL'S HUMP

The camel's hump is an ugly lump, which well you may see at
the zoo;
But uglier yet is the hump we get from having too little to do.
We climb out of bed with a frouzly head and a snarly, snarly,
snarly-yarly, voice.
We shiver and scowl and we grunt and we growl at our bath
and our boots and our toys.
The cure for this ill is not to sit still, or frowst with a book by
the fire;
But to take a large hoe and a shovel also, and dig till you
gently perspire;
And then you will find that the sun and the wind, and the
Djinn of the garden too,
Have lifted the hump, the horrible hump, the hump that is
black and blue!

(Continued on overleaf)

BUTTERFLIES

There was never a Queen like Balkis, from here to the wide
world's end;
But Balkis talked to a butterfly as you would talk to a friend.
There was never a King like Solomon, not since the world began;
But Solomon talked to a butterfly as a man would talk to a man.
She was Queen of Sabaea and he was Asia's Lord.
But they both of 'em talked to butterflies when they took their
walks abroad!

THE RACE

This is the mouthfilling song of the race, the race that was run
by a Boomer.

Run in a single burst, only event of its kind.

Started by Big God Nqong from Warrigaborrigarooma,
Old Man Kangaroo first, Yellow Dog Dingo behind.

Kangaroo bounded away, his back legs working like pistons.

Bounded from morning till dark, twenty-five feet at a bound.

Yellow Dog Dingo lay like a yellow cloud in the distance,

Much too busy to bark. My! My! My! but they covered the
ground!

Nobody knows where they went, or followed the track that they
flew in,

For that continent hadn't been given a name.

They ran thirty degrees, from Torres Straits to the Leeuwin,

Then they ran back as they came.

S'posing you could trot from Adelaide to the Pacific

For an afternoon's run, half what these gentlemen did,

You would feel rather hot, but your legs would develop terrific.

Yes, my importunate son, you'd be a marvelous kid,

You'd be a marvelous kid!

JUST SO STORIES—RUDYARD KIPLING

IV

TWO FOLK SONGS arr. STOCKER

WELL, WELL, WELL

Well, well, well, who's that calling. Well, well, well, hold my
hand.

Well, well, well, night is a-falling. Spirit is a-moving all over
this land.

Lord told Noah, "Build Him an ark, build it out of a hickory
bark,"

Old ark's a-moving and the waters start to climb, God said,
"Fire, not a flood next time."

God said, "Fire's coming Judgment Day," He said, "All mankind
gonna pass away."

Brothers and sisters don't you know, you're gonna reap just
what you sow.

World's not waiting for the Lord's command, building a fire
that'll sweep the land

Thunder out of heaven, coming Gabriel's call, and the sea's
gonna boil and the sky's gonna fall.

THERE IS A MEETING HERE TONIGHT

There is a meeting here tonight, there is a meeting here tonight,
I can tell by your friendly face there's a meeting here tonight.

I went down in the valley one day. Met old Satan on my way.
What-a ya reckon old Satan did say? He say, "Turn back,
young man, you're too young to pray."

Satan is mad and I am glad. Lost a soul he thought he had.
Satan is a liar and a conjurer, too, better watch out brother,
he'll conjure you.

Larry Bieber, guitar; Don Deines, banjo

THREE HUNGARIAN FOLK SONGS MATYAS SEIBER

(1905 - 1960)

THE HANDSOME BUTCHER

Seven locks upon the red gate, seven gates about the red town.
In the town there lives a butcher and his name is Handsome
John Brown.

John Brown's boots are polished so fine, John Brown's spurs,
they jingle and shine.
On his coat a crimson flower, in his hand, a glass of red wine.
In the night, the golden spurs ring, in the dark, the leather
boots shine.
Don't come tapping at my window, now your heart no longer
is mine.

APPLE, APPLE

By a river there's a little orchard, in the orchard stood the
miller's daughter, in the orchard stood the miller's daughter.

Apple, apple, fallen in the water, by the stream I kissed the
miller's daughter, by the stream I kissed the miller's daughter.

THE OLD WOMAN

In the window, out the front door, throw old nanny from the
top floor.
Pack her head into a basket, let her sell it in the market.
Come on, children, welcome each one, at our party we'll have
good fun,
Drink and eat and roister all day, Farmer Johnny's bullock
will pay.

For a coachman, we've a black dog, for a footman, we've a
roast hog,
On his back a loaf of white bread, and a bottle on his big head.

CHOIR PERSONNEL

SOPRANOS

Sigrid Albert
Beth Atkinson
Sharon Baron
Heather Bedford
Rene Bliss
Lynn Brown
Linda Deines
Barbara-Lynn Goodwin
Mary McDevitt
Kathy Pavich
Evelyn Powell
Wendy Unverricht
Jane Whitby
Shelley Wright

TENORS

Andre Boisvert
Jack Dowling
David Goodwin
Len Hoath
Garry Millar
Don Skinner

ALTOS

Suzanne Alger
Nancy Browne
Jeanne Caouette
Avaleigh Crockett
Marge DeArmond
Bonnie-Jean Dobek
Jennifer Geddes
Jean Loree
Karen McNaughton
Janet Oxman
Judith Wiens
Joan Willie

BASSES

Larry Bieber
Don Deines
Glen Guebert
Grant Harlton
David Kitz
Paul Mackey
John Shandro
Byron Swanson
Len Todd
Gregory Utas

EXECUTIVE

Conductor	Dr. David Stocker
Accompanist	Miriam Mahood
President	Nancy Browne
Choir Manager	John Shandro
Secretary-Treasurer	Bonnie-Jean Dobek
Social Conveners	Wendy Unverricht, Glen Guebert
Librarian	Nancy Browne
Wardrobe	Lynn Brown, Glen Guebert